

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

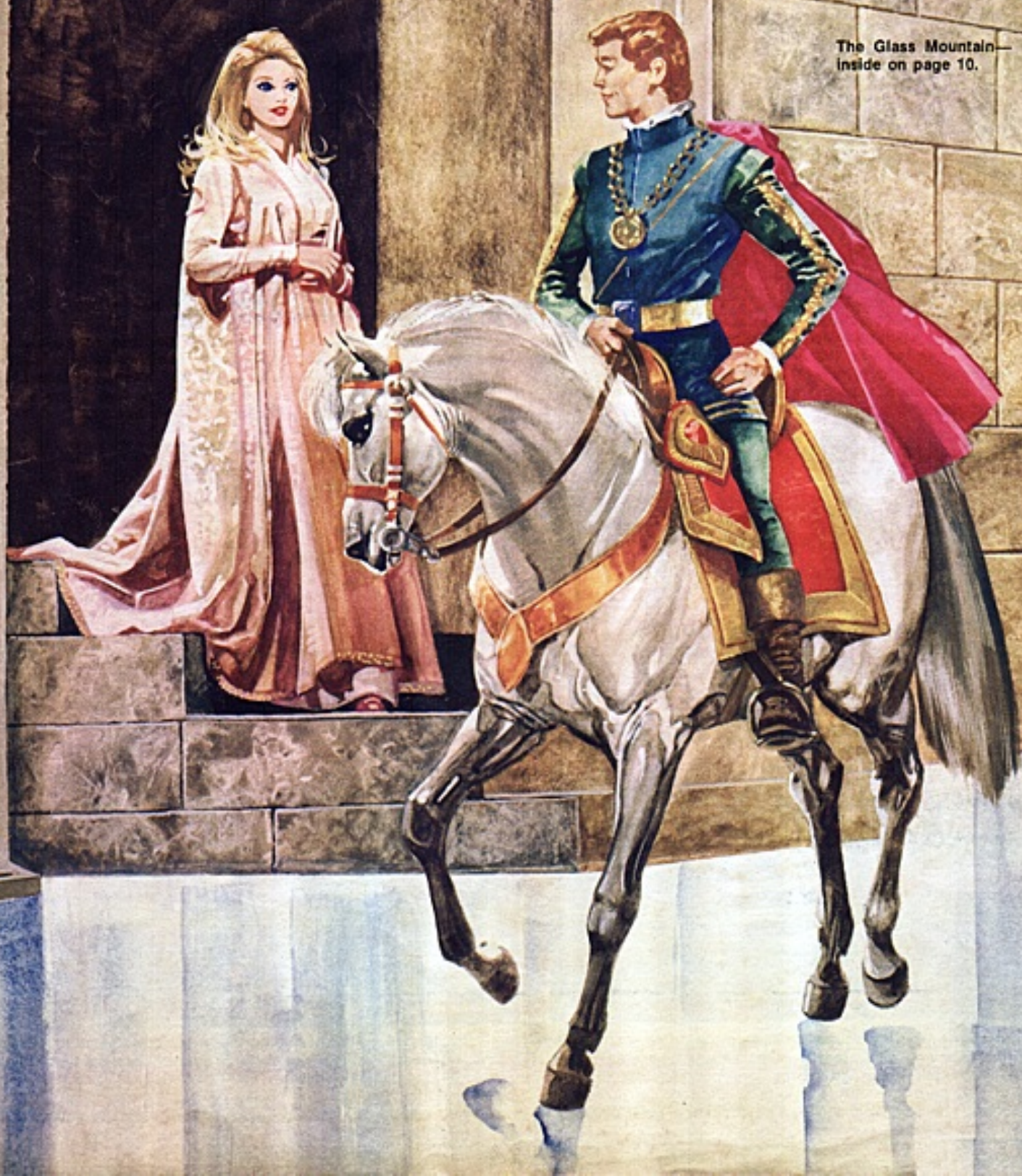
# Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 64 • 2nd May 1970

PRICE 1'6

The Glass Mountain—  
inside on page 10.





# The Tinker Box



1. Just as the old witch had described to him when he met her on his way home from the war, the brave soldier found himself in a great cave beneath an oak tree—and in the cave was a dog with eyes as big as teacups guarding a chest full of copper coins. "I think I can deal with you, my fine fellow," said the soldier.

2. He spread the witch's apron on the ground and managed to lift the dog's front paws on to it. At once the dog became quiet, just as the witch had promised. "This is wonderful," chuckled the soldier. "Now I can help myself to all the copper coins I wish and fill my knapsack with as much as I am able to carry."



3. Having done this, the soldier picked up the apron, patted the dog on the head and went out. His knapsack was heavy, being full of copper coins but he carried it happily on one shoulder. "I have enough money here to keep me in lodging and food for at least a whole month," he said to himself, as he climbed a flight of steps.



4. He opened a door at the top then went down some more steps and, wonders of wonders, he came to a cave where sat the dog with eyes as large as mill-wheels! "You had better not stare at me so," remarked the soldier, "it will make your eyes weak." The huge dog growled but the soldier, having the witch's apron, was not afraid.





5. "Here's something for you to put your paws on, my friend," the soldier said. He put the witch's apron on the ground and when the dog put a paw on it, it became quiet and contented. "That's a fine fellow," said the soldier, tickling the fur of its leg. "Now, while you rest, I will take a look inside the chest you are guarding."



6. On raising the lid of the chest, the soldier could hardly avoid blinking his eyes, being dazzled by the sparkle which came from a hoard of silver coins. "It would be foolish for me to carry a load of copper around when I might have silver," he thought, and, emptying his knapsack of the copper coins, he filled it with silver.



7. The knapsack was still as heavy as before, but now it was much more valuable. "Just one of these silver coins will keep me for a week at least—and I must have a thousand of them," said the joyful soldier. He went out of the cave and looked around him. "The witch spoke of there being three rooms," he murmured.



8. "Before I find my way out, I suppose I had better have a glance at the third." Soon he came to the third door, which he opened. There he found himself at the top of a flight of steps, looking down into an enormous cave. Something was in the cave looking at him—a dog with eyes each as large as a round tower!

This exciting story of *The Tinder Box* is continued next week. Do not miss it.





# All Sorts of



1. The people who live in some parts of Melanesia, in the South Pacific, think that a long skull looks beautiful. Soon after they are born, baby girls have their heads bound tightly, so that their skulls will grow long—and so look more beautiful.



2. The giraffe-looking women of the Padaung tribe, in Burma, think that long necks are beautiful. They stretch their necks by putting brass rings round them, until sometimes they are a foot long. Little girls must start to develop long necks early.



5. This girl comes from a tribe which roams the Southern Sahara. To make herself beautiful, she wears huge, solid gold ear-rings and has decorated her mouth and chin with black tattoo marks. Strands of hair help to support the weight of her jewellery.



6. This Indian man comes from the Western border of Brazil. He wears a big, elaborate head-dress of feathers and two feathers are also stuck through his nostrils. With the juice of a fruit which grows in the area, he makes patterns on his face and body.



# Strange Beauty



3. This girl comes from the island of Sumbawa, in Indonesia. She has had her teeth capped with gold and then they have been decorated with enamel. In the land where she lives, this is the way women try to make themselves look more beautiful.



4. The Indians who live along the banks of the River Amazon like big, dangling ear-rings. They cut holes in the lobes of their ears and in these they hang big, wooden discs. These huge ear-rings are considered to look very beautiful.



7. The Suyu Indian tribe, to which this young man belongs, considers him very handsome. He wears ear-plugs, made from whitened, twisted palm-leaves and he also has a lip-plug. He has painted around his eyes and cheeks with a red dye.



8. This woman comes from Northern India. She wears all her wealth around her face and neck, in the form of gold and silver jewellery. She has a big, gold nose-ring and around her neck there are several silver necklets with silver coins on them.



# BRER RABBIT

This week's story . . . Rescuing the Baby Rabs

**N**OW it happened one day that Brer Wolf woke up with a great big appetite and the only thing he could think of to cure it was rabbit stew. "But how do I get rabbit stew?" he asked himself. "That Brer Rabbit is as artful and cunning as anyone I know, so I'm never likely to get hold of him. But there are seven little baby rabs who would fit nicely into my stew-pot—if I can catch them when Brer Rabbit isn't looking."

Brer Wolf was not very bright as a rule, but the thought of tasty rabbit stew set his mind working on a plan. It was quite a clever plan, too.

Well, it worked out like this. Brer Wolf came round to the back of Brer Rabbit's house, wearing a fireman's helmet, and he stretched out a long strip of canvas from the top window to the ground.

"Ding-ding-ding! It's fire-drill time!" he called out to the baby rabs. "Everyone out and slide down the chute. Hurry, hurry—fire practice is lots of fun."

The baby rabs thought it might indeed be fun to slide merrily down the chute and out they popped through the window, one after the other.

"Wheeee! Whoosh!" they shouted merrily. "We could do this all day long."

But they didn't even have a second go. Clever Brer Wolf had a sack at the bottom, ready to catch them, and in they popped like peas going back into a pod. And in the next moment he had picked up the sack and was hurrying for home.

Once he reached his cabin, Brer Wolf put the tied-up sack inside, then brought out his biggest stew-pot and filled it with water. Then he looked a little puzzled.

"Rabbit stew? How do I start making it?" he wondered. "I've never done any cooking before."







Now Brer Rabbit knew this very well. He also knew that Brer Wolf was not very bright, so when he came along to see if he could rescue the baby rabs, he thought to himself, "It's no good trying to get past Brer Wolf—he's bigger than me. In fact, he might catch me and then I'd be popped into the stew-pot as well."

He watched Brer Wolf sitting by the stew-pot with a spoon in his hand, ready to give it a stir when it started boiling, and he called out, "Howdy, Brer Wolf! If you're cooking a stew be sure to put some salt and pepper in it."

Brer Wolf did this and chuckled to himself. "Hee-hee! Brer Rabbit doesn't know what kind of stew this is going to be," he said.

Then someone else came along. It was Mrs. Terrapin.

"What's Brer Wolf cooking?" she asked Brer Rabbit.

"Well, he might be making cough mixture—he's had a bad cold lately," answered Brer Rabbit. "But I don't think he knows what to put in."

Kindly Mrs. Terrapin waddled up to Brer Wolf. "If I were you, I'd put in lots of peppermint and cloves and a large spoonful of mustard," she said.

Brer Wolf thanked her very much and did what she said. He was stirring away very happily when along came Mrs. Brer Bear.

Now, Brer Rabbit had told her that Brer Wolf was making some paint to make his roof waterproof, so she said, "If I were you, Brer Wolf, I'd put in lots of tar and

turpentine and stir it in well."

"Are you sure?" gasped Brer Wolf.

"Well, that's what my husband was advised to do and he said that it was the best he'd ever made," she said.

So silly old Brer Wolf thanked her and put in lots of tar and turpentine and stirred it all together.

As the mixture boiled and bubbled, old Brer Wolf sat thinking about it and sniffing the air.

"It has a strongish smell, but I guess it's all right if Mrs. Brer Bear said so," he muttered to himself. "She's supposed to be one of the best cooks around these parts—and it's something that I just don't know a thing about."

And all the while Brer Rabbit kept a sharp eye on Brer Wolf.

"He's stirring and stirring fit to wear the spoon out," chuckled artful Brer Rabbit. "But I don't mind that so long as he doesn't get to the point of stirring up my little baby rabs in that horrible mixture. All I need now is for someone else to come along. I reckon that one more addition to the pot will just about do it."

Next to pass that way was Mrs. Brer Coon, coming home from shopping.

"Brer Wolf seems busy," she said to Brer Rabbit. "What's he doing?"

"Well, at a guess, I might say that he's washing out a pair of dirty old overalls," said Brer Rabbit. "But I doubt if he's using the right stuff."

Mrs. Brer Coon toddled over to the stew-pot.

"You need some of this in, Brer Wolf,"

she said, and she tipped in half a packet of soap-powder she had bought in the market.

Away went Mrs. Brer Coon, quite thinking that she had done her good deed for the day—but not knowing that she had done it for Brer Rabbit instead of Brer Wolf.

For when Brer Wolf took a spoonful of the mixture to try it, he gave a loud yell. "Oo! Oooh! I'm poisoned!" And he rushed to the nearest pump and spent five minutes cooling off his throat with water.

And what do you think happened in those five minutes? Why, as you may have guessed, Brer Rabbit popped into Brer Wolf's house, opened the sack and then raced his little rabs back home.

**Another merry tale of Brer Rabbit for you to enjoy next week.**

#### BRER RABBIT'S RIDDLES

1. When are your shoes like the sun?
2. Which is the rudest bird?
3. Why is a bag of coffee beans like an axe with a dull edge?
4. What is the difference between a dog losing its hair and man painting his shed?

#### ANSWERS:

1. When they shine; 2. The mocking bird; 3. Because it must be ground before using; 4. One sheds its coat and the other coats his shed.



Cotton grows in places which have a warm climate, like America and India. Cotton seeds are planted in early spring and the plants grow about three feet tall. When the flower dies off, a seed ball forms, called a boll. It grows as big as an egg and when ripe it opens and looks like a fluffy snowball.

# COTTON



The cotton fibres are spun into thread and then the thread is woven into cloth. Some is made into clothes and household goods and some cloth is sold by the yard for people to make up at home.

The cotton pickers above are picking the ripe bolls. The seeds are separated from the fluffy white cotton fibres. The seeds are used for oil and cattle food, the fibres packed into bales and sent to the factory.





# This Week's Memory Test Story And Picture

How good are you at looking at things and remembering all that you see? If you are very good at it, people say that you have a "photographic" memory. Look closely at this delightful painting (which would be well worth cutting out to keep) and read the story beneath it. Then turn to page 16, where you will find questions about the story and the picture. Try to answer them to see how good your memory is.



## The Marriage of Beatrice

THE name of the artist who painted this delightful picture is Raffaello Sorbi, and he lived in Florence, which some people say is the loveliest city in the whole of Italy. Raffaello Sorbi was born more than a hundred years ago, in the year 1844. He died in 1931, so you can easily work out that he lived to the good old age of 87.

If you look carefully in the bottom left-hand corner of the painting, you will see the signature of the artist and the date when it was finished. The date is 1928 and he must have been a very wonderful old man to have

painted such a glorious picture when he was 84 years old.

The picture tells its own story of a happy ending for two young lovers, who are joyfully coming out of church after being married, to walk along a path of flowers strewn over the rough, stone-paved street—a narrow street, typical of the kind that would be found in a city like Florence.

We are told that the bride, in her white wedding dress, was called Beatrice, but we do not know the name of the handsome young bridegroom. But he must have come

from a wealthy family, for there is a design like a shield on his splendid tunic, and this is also shown on the blue tunic of the man leading them out of the church.

In Great Britain it is said that if a sweep appears at a wedding and kisses the bride, she will be very lucky. Do you see the man with his back towards you, carrying two leather buckets? In them he has small pieces of coal. Maybe he will kiss Beatrice, the bride, and bring her good luck.

*Fra Felice Azzurri, Florence* ①



# The Glass Mountain

This week begins the beautiful story of the Princess who was held captive in a castle on top of a mountain made of glass.

**M**ANY years ago there lived a very rich nobleman, who owned a great house and a lot of land. It was said that he grew the finest barley in the whole country.

The nobleman was very proud of his fine barley field. Every morning he and his three sons rode out in a splendid horse-drawn carriage to inspect it—and one day there were signs that some of the barley had been taken.

The nobleman was furious. "Look at this, my sons," he said. "I intend to punish severely the person who has stolen my barley. To catch the thief, you must take it in turns to keep watch at night, until he is caught."

"Very well, father," the sons agreed.

The eldest son decided to keep watch that very night. He took with him a pistol in case he was attacked by the thief. He also took some food and a flask of wine in case he became hungry during the night.

For a time he kept his eyes and ears open for the slightest movement or sound, but becoming bored with this he ate some of his food and drank some of the wine.

The night air was warm. He began to nod sleepily and before very long he was fast asleep and snoring.

When his father came to see him, just as the sun was rising he found him still asleep—and another patch of his prize barley was missing!

"You foolish, lazy fellow!" he shouted at his son. "The thief has been and you did not even wake up."

The nobleman was very angry and the next night he made the second son stay up on guard. The boy took the pistol and some food and wine and promised that if the thief came again he would not fail to catch him.

Again the night was warm, and within an hour the second son had fallen sound asleep. When his father went to see how he had been







getting on in the morning, he woke him up angrily and pointed to the field of barley.

"Lazy fellow, do you see that some more has been stolen?" he shouted. "Now I must depend on my third son, the youngest of you all, to find the thief for me."

So it was now the turn of the third son, whose name was Richard. He was a little wiser than his two elder brothers. Instead of taking food and wine, he took only some fruit. And instead of taking a pistol, he took a coil of rope and some prickly branches from a thorn bush.

He placed the branches on the ground in such a way that if he lay down to go to sleep they would prick his face and wake him up.

The night was again warm and for hours nothing happened. Richard yawned many times and would have fallen asleep but for the prickly branches. When he dropped his head they scratched his ear and quickly woke him up with a start.

It was around three o'clock in the morning that Richard heard a rustling sound.

Raising his head he saw a white shape moving among the barley.

It was the loveliest pony he had ever seen. In the moonlight its beautiful coat shone like silver, and it had a long silver tail. Richard was amazed to know that such a wonderful animal was the

thief which came to steal the barley at night. However, his father had told him to catch the thief, so it was his duty to do so.

Moving very quietly, Richard got nearer and nearer to the silvery-white pony, until he could hear it crunching the heads of ripe barley, as it fed with a very hearty appetite.

"It knows well enough that my father's barley is the best in the whole country," thought Richard. "It is wise as well as beautiful."

He crept closer to the animal and then, with a quick movement, he slipped the rope around its neck. The pony did not seem to mind the rope and allowed itself to be led away.

Richard's father was glad that the barley-eater had been caught, but he had not the heart to punish the sweet white pony. He allowed Richard to keep it and take care of it.

A month passed by and then came news about a princess who lived in a castle on top of a Glass Mountain. A wicked spell had been cast on her by a wizard and nobody could get to the top of the mountain to rescue her.

"But we must try!" declared the nobleman to his three sons.

See what happens on the Glass Mountain next week.





# The Golden Button



1. One day, a young man named Simeon was walking along the road when he saw something flashing in his path. He bent down and picked it up and found it was a button. "Why, it's pure gold," Simeon said to himself. "It must have fallen from some rich noble's cloak." But it had actually been lost by a magician.



2. The button was a magic one and could take its owner anywhere he wished to go, as Simeon soon found out. He was beginning to feel hungry and he sighed, "I wish I were at home having my dinner." At once there was a flash of blue light and Simeon was seated at his own table with a large plate of food before him.



3. Simeon was an adventurous young man and had always wanted to travel, so he wished himself in a far-off land. He was whisked to the Sultan's court and the Sultan was pleased to see him.



4. The Sultan was bored with his courtiers and pleased with a new face. Simeon soon fell in love with the Sultan's daughter, Saria, and they were married. One day she found the button.





5. Saria liked the button so much that she sewed it on her dress. Simeon, coming into the room, saw it and was just about to snatch it from her, when she sighed and said, "It is so hot here. I wish I were on some cool mountain-top." There was a sudden flash of light and Saria had vanished. Simeon was heart-broken for he was very happy with Saria, and could not bear to lose her.



6. He saddled the swiftest horse in the royal stables and set out to search the world for his wife, but without success. One day, near to despair, he was resting in the shade of a tree when he saw something bright, catching the sun and flashing. The flash of light came from a nearby range of mountains. As Simeon watched, the light flashed again and again, like a signal.



7. "Perhaps it is the magic button," Simeon said to himself and he mounted his horse again and rode at full speed to the mountain. There, to his delight, was Saria. "I knew you would find me," she cried joyfully. Saria had not realised what had brought her there and she had lost the magic button from her dress.



8. Simeon explained about the button at once and they searched until they found it. Then Simeon wished them back home again. The Sultan, overjoyed, gave a special ball to welcome them back and the golden button was placed in a crystal casket, where everyone could see it, but no one would be able to touch it.





## Beautiful Paintings

The last beautiful painting by Eileen Soper which appeared in *Once Upon A Time* was called "The Robins". Did you cut it out and keep it? Here is another one by the same artist. It is called "Redwings". This is a bird which can be seen in Britain during the Winter months and it must be a hardy little creature for it

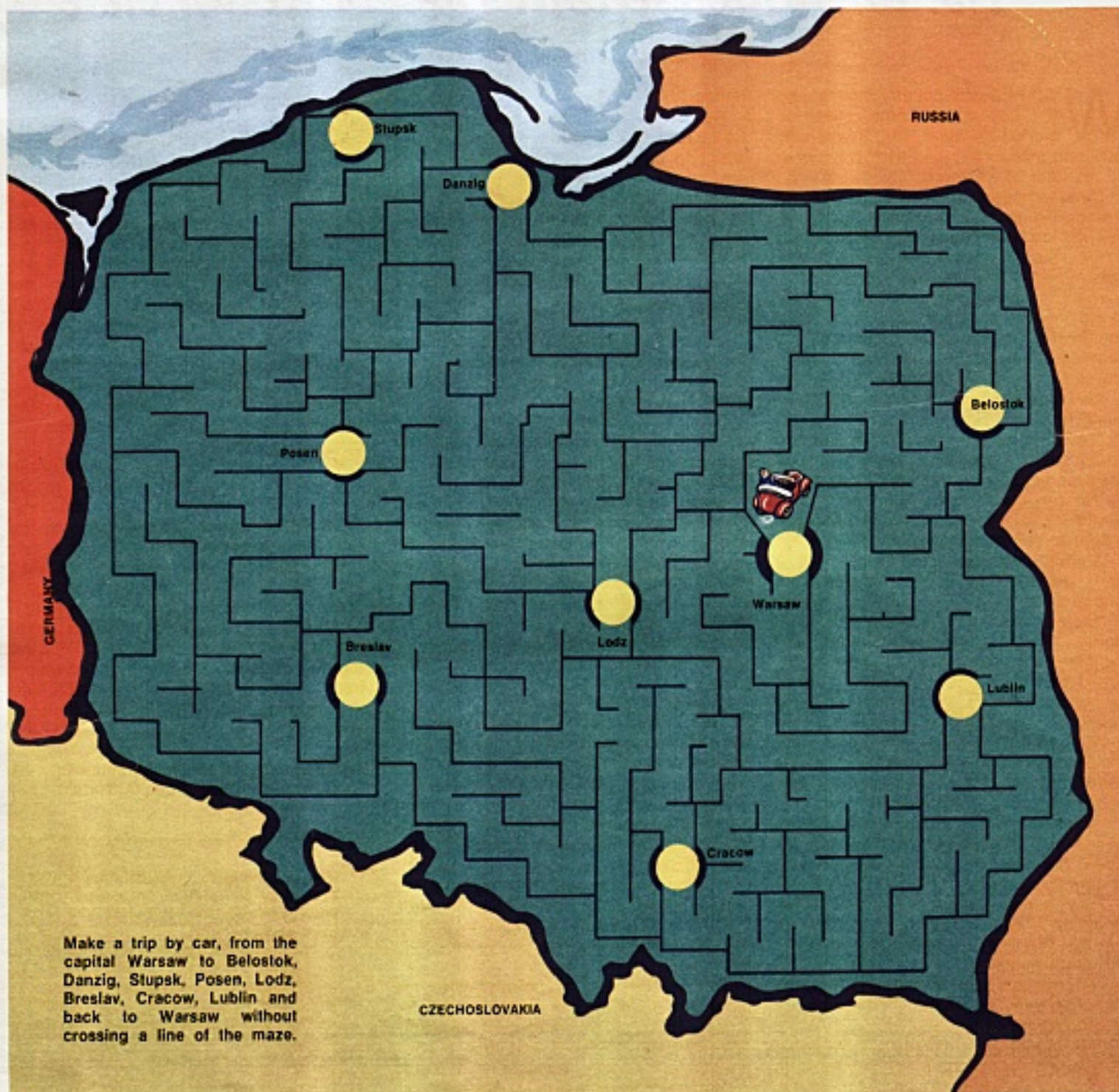
seems to prefer the cold weather. As a matter of fact, it flies down from the Far North and spends Winter with us. It is mostly seen flitting in and around hedges, where it can find plenty of berries to eat. Redwings are members of the thrush family, which is an interesting fact to remember.



# The Country of POLAND



Coal, iron and oil are found in Poland, but did you know that this country also has salt-mines, which produce 140 million tons of salt a year? It is a country also famous for its wild-life, such as bears, stags, boars and golden eagles. On the left is shown the flag of Poland.



Make a trip by car, from the capital Warsaw to Belostok, Danzig, Stupsk, Posen, Lodz, Breslav, Cracow, Lublin and back to Warsaw without crossing a line of the maze.





# The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

## The Haunted Castle . . . part 3

**W**INIFRED, the country mouse, and her boy-friend, Bertie, were exploring an old castle. It was very dark and they had to find their way about by the light of a lantern.

They had heard all sorts of tales about strange lights and a ghostly figure appearing on the castle battlements and Bertie, who did not believe in ghosts, was determined to find out what it was.

Winifred wasn't sure whether she believed in ghosts or not, especially when she heard the sound of rattling chains overhead, but Bertie soon found some old stone stairs and up they went, to see if they could find out where the noise came from.

The stairs wound round and round and Winifred felt quite dizzy. She was glad she was holding on to Bertie's hand.

"Nearly there now, Winifred," said Bertie. "And just look. I'm sure I can see a light at the top of the stairs there."

Winifred stopped. "Yes, I can see it too," she squeaked. "What do you think it is, Bertie?"

"Listen, I can hear sounds too," said Bertie. "There's a funny clanking and rattling noise—it's those chains again. And I can hear voices as well. If those are ghosts' voices, I'll eat my cap. Just you listen, Winifred."

Winifred listened and she could hear the voices, too. Little, squeaking voices—and then a high-pitched giggle. Then came the sound of scampering feet.

"Come on, Winifred," whispered Bertie. "There's a trapdoor at the top and it's open. It's time we found out just what is going on here."

They climbed up the last few steps until they could pop their heads up through the trapdoor which led out on to the battlements.

Winifred did get a shock. "Rex the Wrecker," she squeaked. "Whatever are you doing here?"

"Playing tricks on people, that's what he's doing," said Bertie in a very stern voice. "Look what he's carrying in his

hands."

Rex nearly jumped out of his skin when he heard the voices behind him. He was standing on some boxes, waving a very strange-looking object. It was a long pole, with a turnip on top for a head and an old white dress draped around the body part. The turnip was hollow and there were holes cut in it for eyes, nose and mouth. There was a candle inside it too, and it made the figure look very ghostly.

"There's the ghost that's been frightening everybody," said Bertie. "See, I told you there weren't any real ghosts, Winifred."

By standing on the two old boxes, Rex could wave the strange figure over the battlements so that it could easily be seen by anyone down below.

There was a sudden clanking sound and looking down at Rex's feet, Winifred saw two very sheepish-looking little moles. They were holding a rusty old chain, which was fixed firmly to the floor.

"There's the chain you heard rattling, Winifred," said Bertie, as he hauled himself up through the trapdoor. "And there's the explanation of the ghostly lights people saw when they looked over here—candles stuck in bottles."

Now, Rex was Winifred's neighbour and he was really a rather naughty little mouse, always playing tricks on everyone and getting up to mischief. His tricks weren't always very nice or very kind tricks and he sometimes caused so much chaos that he had been nicknamed Rex the Wrecker.

"Come on now, all three of you, it's time you were in bed," said Winifred. "You're going home at once and I shall tell your mothers what you've been up to."

Rex let his ghostly figure fall to the floor and then he climbed down off his boxes. "How did you find us?" he asked. "We've been having a fine time playing in this old castle. It was our den and nobody would come near, because we

made them think it was haunted."

"And quite a fright you might have given someone, as well, if they'd happened to be walking past all on their own in the dark," said Bertie, sternly.

"We didn't mean any harm, really," mumbled the two little moles. "It was just that we wanted the castle to ourselves."

"Well, I don't suppose you'll be playing here again, when your mothers find out where you've been," said Winifred, marching the three of them very firmly towards the stone stairs. "Now down you go at once, and make sure you don't fall."

"And I'll close this trapdoor very tightly so that there'll be no question of coming up here again," said Bertie, who was last out.

Winifred held Rex's candle and Bertie had the lantern so they managed to get downstairs without too much difficulty. Then Bertie rowed them all back to the river bank again in the boat.

Rex showed them a short cut across the fields, so they were soon back again at Winifred's cottage, having a cup of tea.

"We'll tell Postman Badger what's happened tomorrow," said Bertie. "Then he can tell everyone the true story of what's been happening at the old castle and they won't go around thinking it's haunted any more."

**Another story of the merry mice in next week's *Once Upon A Time*.**

**Here are the questions from the Memory Test story and picture on page 9. How many can you answer before you turn back and check?**

1. What was the name of the artist who painted the picture?
2. When was he born and where?
3. How old was he when he completed the "Marriage of Beatrice" picture?
4. What was the man carrying in the two leather buckets?







# The Rival Magicians



1. Once upon a time there lived a nice, old Court magician named Bumble. He lived with Jaco, his assistant, at the palace and spent his time doing lots of helpful magic for the king. Now, Bumble had a nasty rival, a magician named Mr. Bong, who hated him.



2. Mr. Bong lived in the village nearby. He was very jealous of Bumble's position as Court magician and he wanted the job for himself, and one day he hit upon a plan. He decided to make all Bumble's magic spells go wrong, which would make the king angry.



3. Mr. Bong went to the palace and peeped in at the window. He heard the king ask Bumble to magic him some new shoes, so Mr. Bong said words which spoilt Bumble's spell. Huge shoes appeared.



4. Then the king asked Bumble to make the royal apple trees grow and Mr. Bong quickly altered Bumble's spell, so that the apple trees shrank. The king was very cross indeed with Bumble.





5. Nobody knew about Mr. Bong but young Jaco, who had spotted him hiding behind a pillar and followed, to see what he was up to. As poor Bumble was marched off to prison on the king's orders, Jaco heard Mr. Bong say, "Now I shall be the Court magician."



6. That night, Jaco went to the prison tower, where Bumble was held and told him what had happened. "I have a plan to help you, but you must lend me your magic hat," said Jaco. Bumble agreed to let Jaco try and he lowered the magic hat down to him.



7. "It was the king's birthday and he asked Mr. Bong to magic him a splendid banquet to celebrate. Jaco, peeping in through the window, heard this and as Mr. Bong said the magic spell Jaco changed it. A whole farmyard of live animals and raw vegetables appeared.



8. The king was furious, but Jaco quickly jumped in through the window and explained how Mr. Bong had changed all Bumble's spells and ruined them. Mr. Bong was marched off to prison and Bumble was released to say a magic spell and make a banquet.





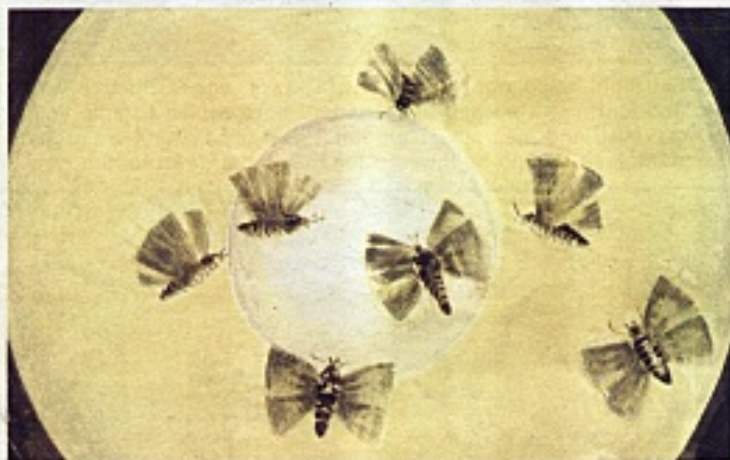
# *The* **WISE OLD OWL** Knows all the answers



The Wise Old Owl is here again to answer some interesting questions.

## 1. Why are the Olympic Games so called?

"The Olympic Games were the chief national festival of Ancient Greece, held once every four years in honour of the god Zeus. They were so called because they were held in Olympia, in Southern Greece. The name was kept when the Games were revived in 1896."



## 2. Why are insects attracted to light?

"Nobody really knows, but it is known that the brighter the light used, the more insects are attracted. You can prove it by putting a light in the garden at nights and counting the moths attracted to it."



## 3. What is a sponge?

"It is a simple form of animal, which lives on the sea-bed and takes its food from the sea-water, which runs through hundreds of tiny pores on its surface. Divers collect them from the sea-bed."



## 4. Could Mount Everest be dropped in the sea and disappear?

"Yes, in the Marianas Trench, in the Pacific Ocean. It is about 36,000 ft. deep and Everest would be well covered by sea-water."



## 5. What is a hairpin bend?

"A hairpin bend gets its name from its shape. It is a tight curve. Roads up and down steep mountains have many hairpin bends."